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DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ....Be ye reconciled to God.

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The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

Original

CRIME—ITS PUNISHMENT AND FORGIVENESS.

BY REV. E. A. HOLBROOK, MALONE, N. Y.

Bro. Editors :—As I have promised to contribute my mite to your invaluable sheet, I will attempt to comply by offering a few scattering remarks under the above head. That there is much crime in the world is a startling fact; and that there is much punishment is likewise a truth, that no thinking mind will deny: and yet, the wail of misery and bitter penitence that goes up to heaven daily, in consequence of transgression, are by some considered as no evidence of *Divine* retribution in this world. The fact that the human mind in its blindness and short-sightedness can not analyze the whole phenomena of retribution, and all the workings of the guilty conscience, has been made the foundation of argument that *none* of the evils of this life *are* Divine retributions for sin :—and as there are inequalities here, they must be remedied by a future state of retribution :—as justice is not done in this world, there must be a future state of rewards and punishments, to make up for the injustice of the present state of things. Such is the argument of Thomas Dick and many others. But it is a plea for future retribution that carries absurdity upon its very front. It not only attributes injustice to Him the habitation of whose throne is eternal justice and judgment, but it is a sheer begging of the question, and then in its support drawing the least plausible inference that could be imagined. For the most logical inference that could follow from such premises would be the following :—From all we can behold in the works of the Deity, or that has been revealed since the world began, his government is not characterized by even-handed justice; and as he is unchangeable it never will be. Such an argument has a direct tendency to skepticism. And it is verily believed that the only ground of confidence in a Supreme Being as the controller of events, is found in the testimony that his ways *are* equal; and that "the invisible things of him *are* seen from the creation, *being* understood by the things that are made? The writer by no means pretends to scan the ways of God to sinful man or the degree of guilt that may be attached to any particular case of crime. The all-seeing eye *alone* can determine that, and what to him is justice, might to our view, seem injustice. But to my mind there is a difficulty far surpassing the one based upon a seared or hardened conscience. It lies in the fact that the wrong doer may repent and receive the forgiveness of the world, lead in future a life of innocency, and yet dreadful remorse will continue to haunt the mind, even through life, while retrospection brings with it the sad remembrance of guilt. The conscience may become seared as with a hot iron, and yet there is no difficulty in supposing a full retribution; for conscience itself is one of the blessings with which heaven has endowed us, and its loss must therefore be punishment. Even admit the Apostle's words to mean what many suppose: and surely we know from experience that searing with a hot iron must be any thing but agreeable. We may amputate a diseased limb, to prevent pain; hut its loss must ever be attended with inconvenience. We might destroy the eye to prevent beholding sights that are painful, but who will dispute that the loss of that organ would be a sufficient punishment for the rash deed. So we might cauterize the organs of taste as a preventive against unpleasant flavors; bnt the loss of all that exquisite gratification in eating, is sufficient retribution for the act. And the same remarks will equally apply to conscience. Were it in our power to excommunicate it from our souls, the loss of the approval of a good conscience before God is sufficient punishment. Could we utterly loose our moral nature we might become as the beast, but who would consider such a state desirable? But why should keen and bitter remorse follow the victim of one false step even to the grave? though the sinner has long since ceased to do evil and learned to do well. It is a mystery that we may not solve, but it teaches us that though punishment may not be forgiven short of a full retribution, yet sin may. It teaches us the duty of forgiveness one to another :—how much need there is of our sympathy for the truly penitent, and for the erring, that we may lead them up to virtue. If Deity has so constituted man that retributive anguish *must* accompany every violation of his law, and that the sting of remorse *must* be felt by the truly penitent even, how much need is there for the exercise of christian love in reclaiming the guilty and in imparting confidence and strength to those who have passed the ordeal of penitence, and resolved to "sin no more." As Universalists, our system of faith requires love; and all our dealings with the sinful should be tempered with this spirit from heaven; for, talk as we will of the retributions of heaven, they are but the retributions of love, that sits as a refiner to purify and mould the human race into its own image. And it is only by practising kindness, that we are "changed into the same image from glory to glory." I will add to these imperfect remarks an incident that came under my observation and that occurred within the circle of my ministerial labors.

In the family of a worthy and exemplary Universalist resides a young lady, who, when a child, was adopted into the family. Graceful in her manners, kind and affectionate in her deportment, she commanded the respect of the social circle, walked in the first class of society; none knew her but to admire and esteem. But temptation came, and in an evil hour she yielded. Her crime was theft. The community were shocked to hear that she, the admired, was a criminal. The proprietor of the establishment from which she had filched was absent, and the whole village was on tip-toe for his return, that the *law* might be put into execution. In the meantime her guardian was advised to shut his doors against her; but he replied to all these entreaties, that he had a more exalted duty to perform, and that his roof should still be her home. He well knew that the *former* course would ruin, and the *latter* would save. The merchant returned, and when he saw the workings of that guilty conscience visible in every lineament of the wan visage, it was too much for his manly heart, and he exclaimed, "I am satisfied." The community and the law, thank heaven, were not allowed to gloat upon their prey. All this transpired before I heard of the crime. I had an appointment in the village and called upon my friend. As the door opened before me for my reception, I started back in horror at the ghastly sight before me. Pale, frenzied and emaciated were the features of that once healthy and sprightly countenance; and a wild vacant

stare, bordering on insanity was evident at sight. Recovering my self possession, I approached her and receiving her ice-cold hand, inquired what had befallen her. At first she made no reply. Again the question was pressed, and in a frenzied tone she replied, "Oh! I am a great sinner; is there mercy for me?" And she could say no more. Her story was related to me, and I learned that she had been led to bed for a number of nights, for her strength would not support her. They had even despaired of her life. But she confessed all, and restored where she had taken, and had since found some relief. I sought an interview with her, and at her request, joined with her in prayer. Never was there a more humble penitent at the throne of mercy. I spoke to her kindly; pointed her to that forgiveness which Jesus manifested towards the erring. "But, oh!" said she, "I have sinned against so much light. You always preached that the way of the transgressor is hard, but I was a careless hearer. It was a *want* of Universalism that brought me to this. I have found that doctrine too true." She informed me that she had passed many sleepless nights writhing in bitter anguish long before she was detected. "Yes," said she, "your view of retribution is correct." The next day was Sunday, and I had a duty to perform, and it is believed, I performed it. My text was the words of our Savior: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." In closing, I alluded to the case of the fallen one, and made an appeal to the congregation, of which the following is a portion: "In an evil hour a sister has fallen—one who was considered by all an ornament to her sex—a pattern of virtue and moral worth. She has yielded to the tempter, and the sad news of her guilt is borne on the wing of that fallen angel, slander, until it has accumulated to a boundless sea, that man cannot pass over. And alas! alas! how little do the aggravators of that guilt realize that they are probing the heart already bursting with anguish. Oh! could they catch one glance of that frenzied countenance, and see the deep working of penitence that is wearing upon that once healthy frame and sapping the very springs of existence, methinks they would pity and forgive. Repentance deep and bitter, is bringing that form down to the grave of despair. She has made restitution for her wrong, and now asks forgiveness of a community; and the thrilling question now arises, will that community forgive? or will they withhold from a disconsolate and repentant mortal the forgiveness they themselves expect from heaven?—*withhold* it till the clods of the valley shall cover the victim. If so, then upon that community be the dread responsibility. "Forgive until seventy times seven," is the Savior's command. Will you forgive once of that number, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us? Do you doubt her penitence, then go to her and learn that her punishment is greater than she can bear. And when you go, go with the law of kindness warming in your hearts, and the words of love sweeter than the honey-comb melting upon your lips. Yea, go one after another, and speak peace to that troubled soul,—impart confidence and forgiveness, the only balm that can save, and heaven will smile upon the act and accept the offering; a sister will be saved, a soul redeemed, and a true friend reinstated. * * * And now, brethren and sisters in the Lord, I solemnly impress upon you your duty in the words of the Apostle: "Brethren, if one of you be overtaken in a fault, you who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." All that remains for you is to say to the penitent in the language of the text, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." And in after years, when you shall reflect upon your past lives, may you be enabled to say in truth

"Were not the gentle Mary's* tears
An off'ring worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven.

The shock upon the audience was electric, and each eye was moistened with the tear of pity, and forgiveness was in every heart. The fallen was again restored to confidence. Months had passed, and again I met her. The flush of health had again returned to the cheek and calm reconciliation was visible in the countenance. But recollection brings with it a pang of remorse, and death alone can drive it from the heart; but the erring is restored to society, when the first impulse of an unfeeling community would have hurled her down the broad road of ruin. Reader, here is an instance of crime, punishment and forgiveness, with which is connected a complete triumph of the principles of Universalism. Should its rehearsal be the means under God's blessing, of leading one soul to imitate the example of heavenly forgiveness in reclaiming the sinful, he will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

* Her name was Mary.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ye deem me solitary. Oh no, I'm not;
For thoughts of my soul's idol, ever dear,
Whom I left weeping in her distant home,
Oh, they surround me—they console me here.

Ye deem me happy. But, alas! I'm not.
Unseen, unknown, my heart weeps bitter tears;
Pining in secret with the tenderest thoughts
Of her, companion of my youthful years.

Ye deem me hoping. Whispering to my heart
With cherub-smile, Hope points to that delight,
When with my own beloved, my cherished one,
No more to part, I shall again unite.

Ye deem me sorrowful. But still I'm not.
I know, I feel, our hearts can never sever;
Celestial, pure, her image ever beams
Around her lover, loved and loving ever.

Original.

THE CAUSE IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.

The following letter is laid before the readers of the "Messenger" because it contains matter of interest to the denomination, and must be deeply interesting to the members of the New York Missionary Society, who have here another evidence that their "labors are not in vain in the Lord" We hope Br. Hill will excuse the liberty we have taken in publishing it. O. W.

Br. WHISTON:—Since you left us, I have thought I would send you some account of the progress of our cause in this section of the Master's vineyard. From what I know personally, and from what I have learned from Br. Carney, who has lately been over the whole of Sullivan county, the advancement which Universalism has made for the last eighteen months, is very flattering, and calculated to inspire the brightest hopes for the future.

Eighteen months ago very little had been done in this section for our cause.

A few years since, our good Br. Rogers was through the central part of our county, scattering broadcast the good news of glad tidings. Likewise, Br. Brown, of Pennsylvania, is entitled to much praise for his efforts in the western part of the county. But, as I before stated, Universalism appeared to make but little progress until Br. Bulkeley came through here about one and a half years ago. His sermons being strongly doctrinal, led many to think and say, "We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest, for as concerning this sect we know that every where it is spoken against." Since that time it has spread beyond the most sanguine expectations. And permit me to add that for this good work, we are greatly indebted to the New York Missionary Society. It

was through the generosity of this good and enterprising society, that we have received the valuable services of their Missionaries, Brs. Bulkeley, Lyon, and yourself, to herald good tidings of great joy to all people.

The people throughout the county are now all alive to the subject and are very anxious to hear more. Some have just begun to inquire, some are doubting, and there are others who believe but do not understand the doctrine.

We meet with great opposition, sometimes bitter and unjust, even to persecution, but we rejoice in persecution for so glorious a cause. We feel that now is an important crisis, when the people are inquiring if these things are so. We are therefore very anxious to have a preacher among us, who shall devote all his time and abilities to this county and vicinity. We are concentrating our means, and making a united effort for that purpose. The only consideration that can tend to blight our hopes, is, the limited pecuniary means of the majority of our most zealous friends. Nevertheless, this fact must be counter-balanced by effort.

With a minister who is ready in his delivery, can meet the objections brought against our doctrine, and undeceive the people from fallacies of the most impious kind, we may anticipate the most glorious result, that in the course of a few years we shall see as the fruits of our labors societies springing up around us. I am satisfied that the Missionary cause is a good one, from the results which are being manifested among us. I hope therefore that you and the society may feel encouraged to go on in the good work so gloriously begun.

Yours truly, in the bonds of friendship,

WILLIAM HILL.

Woodburn. Feb. 19th, 1848.

Original.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—STRONG POINTS.

The following letter, addressed to James H. Titus, Esq., of this city, contains so many interesting facts and important suggestions that we cannot refrain from transferring it to our colums. We wish it might be copied into every paper in the land. Mr. Gould was Chairman of the Committee on Capital Punishment in our last legislature, and is a man of the highest respectability and a prominent member of the Orthodox party of Friends.

"I have been desiring for some time to write to thee on the subject on which we have a mutual interest, but the continual hurry incident to legislation, arising from committee duties, and the watching of bills in which one is interested, is, as no one knows better than thyself, of so engrossing a nature that no time is left for anything more than the briefest possible correspondence; but now that all these things are over, I desire to call thy attention to one or two circumstances arising out of our late legislative discussion, which appear to me to possess some practical importance.

1st. No attempt was made by any speaker to invalidate the position which we assumed that the influence of public executions was demoralizing.

2d. No one argued against our position, that innocent men are often executed in consequence of the fallibility of human tribunals.

3d. One strong point, which although it does not appear in my printed speech, was fully stated on the floor, and occupies a considerable space in my report, viz: That the line which separates sanity from insanity—responsibility from irresponsibility—is so delicate and difficult to define that we are never sure that we are not hanging a fellow-creature for an act for which he was not morally responsible. This point was admitted to be a difficult one by some of our antagonists, and was disputed by no one. A member from Monroe, it is true, disputed a collateral point on which I did not lay much stress, although I read numerous authorities from Spurzheim, Pritchard, Conoly, &c. to prove viz: that of an overwhelming propensity, in consequence of which a person was unable to refrain from certain acts somewhat allied to the demoniacal possessions of the Scriptures. The member from Monroe met this with a flat denial, and although I have read the quotations from the original authors, and although the books lay on my desk, open to the inspection of any one, he thought proper to say in his speech that this doctrine was not found in any author except Combe, and that he was weak authority.

4th. No one questioned the statistical tables of the speech or the report, except Woodruff of Wyoming, and Smith of Monroe, the former attacking the table of Rantoul, in relation to Massachusetts, on the ground that although murders had increased there, notwithstanding the severe administration of their criminal laws, they had not increased in proportion to the population. I did not allude to Rantoul's table for any other purpose than to show that capital punishment did not restrain murder, and for this purpose it bore me out.

Dr. Smith introduced the tables of the *Law Magazine*, as showing that crimes increased in consequence of the abolition of capital punishments. And although I interrupted him (with his permission) while he was speaking, and showed that these tables omitted the whole term of the largest criminal court in the kingdom during one of the last years of capital punishments, and although on the floor he professed himself satisfied with the explanation, and waived the argument founded upon those tables, yet he has seen fit to publish his speech without the remotest allusion to the explanation.]

5th. No one attempted to overthrow the argument by which I endeavored to show that men did not fear the death penalty at a distance, and that it was imperative as a restraint from crime. McDouval, of Washington, denied the conclusion (which is easily enough done) but he did not attempt to shake the proofs which I adduced to its support.

6. No one denied the tendency of Juries to acquit in capital cases. A Judge told me the other day, at the trial of a criminal charged with murder, three-tenths of the Jurors summoned refused to serve, on the ground that they had conscientious scruples about the punishment of death, and they were discharged; and he farther said, that seven out of the twelve empannelled expressed so much doubt of its lawfulness that he feared that he had not done his duty to the public in allowing them to sit.

7th. In a word, no argument of the friends of the bill was attempted to be overthrown—except as above—by any of the numerous debaters who opposed who opposed it.

I think these facts are full of significance, and ought not to be lost sight of in the future progress of the discussion. If the above mentioned points had been vulnerable, I think some of the able men who opposed the bill would have debated and exposed some of the weak points—their silence was a confession of their soundness.

If thou hast seen the debates as reported, thou wilt have seen that the whole staple of the arguments for the gallows were drawn from the Bible. In my own speech I touched lightly on this part of the question, supposing it was so completely overthrown that no one would seriously appeal to it for support; but I was mistaken, and I now think that the great strength of the friends of the abolition should be concentrated on this point. Once destroy the horrible profanation of the spirit of the Bible which has fastened itself on our minds under the influence of misguided teachers, and our glorious reform will be triumphantly established.

I think, too, that strong efforts should be made to set the clergy right upon this point. When I went to work last winter, I supposed that the clergy would prove my

natural allies in this warfare, and I was never more surprised and disheartened than when I found that (with the exception of the Universalist clergy) they were almost to a man in favor of the gallows. This opposition in many cases, arises from a want of knowledge. I asked Rev. Dr. ——, late President of —— College, once last winter, if he had studied the subject. He said he had paid much attention to it, and that he was satisfied that we could not dispense with the death penalty. I asked him for the grounds of his belief, and he promptly answered that it was based on "Whoso sheddeth," &c. I asked him if "shall" might not be rendered "will" with equal propriety. His manner, which had before been very authoritative and dogmatic, instantly changed to the hesitating and interrogatory, and he asked if any commentators adopted that reading? I gave him several citations; the conversation dropped, and he sat still for nearly half an hour, when he said, "I do not know but you are right about this; I have already thought of a number of similar applications of the same Hebrew word. I wonder I never thought of it before." This was from one who had *studied the subject*, bnt who had never so much as thought of the very alphabet of the controversy, although it is so familiar to every friend of the abolition. This little incident satisfied me that much good would result from special efforts to bring our views to the notice of the clergy of our country.

JOHN STANTON GOULD.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST'S BODY.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

The resurrection of Christ has been justly regarded by Christians, in all ages of the Church, as the great *fact* of Christianity. During his ministry, he repeatedly declared that he should be put to death, and rise on the third day from the dead. His declarations in regard to this were well understood by his enemies; and, therefore, when his body was committed to the sepulchre, they requested that a guard might be stationed to watch it, so that his disciples should not steal it away, and then report that he was risen, and thus increase the power of their religion, by a worse deception than had already been palmed upon the world. This shows the shrewdness and caution of the men who had obtained his crucifixion. They maintained that he was a deceiver; and they thought, that by putting an end to him, they could destroy his religion. And they would have destroyed it, if he had not risen from the dead; for it would have been evident, not only that he had uttered a false prediction, but that he did not possess the miraculous power which he claimed. His resurrection, therefore, was the most important fact connected with his mission, important, not only because it demonstrated a future life, but also, because it confirmed the truth of all he had said, and demonstrated the reality of all the miracles he had wrought. As by a dead man no deception can be practised, his reappearance upon the earth proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that God was with him, and that in him God's power was supernaturally manifested.

But though the resurrection of Christ is thus indispensable to Christianity, there are those, claiming the Christian name, who boldly deny that he was raised; and there are others who boldly deny that his *body* was raised. On this last opinion we propose to offer a few remarks. So far as we know, this opinion is of quite modern date. The first time we ever met it, was in Professor Bush's work on the resurrection. It is there stated and defended with his usual parade of learning and criticism. But though his reasoning is puerile, and contradicted by all the accounts given of the Savior's resurrection, not a few have adopted his views. It is now quite common to hear it said, though we do not believe that Christ's body was raised, we believe that his soul was! In such an idea, there is no contravention, it is thought, of the laws of nature; and as some who have adopted it have assumed that such laws cannot be contravened, they look upon the theory, that Christ was spiritually raised, as quite a fortunate discovery. But we think it far less tenable than the old infidel opinion; and would sooner undertake to prove that the whole narrative about the resurrection of Christ is fabulous, than to prove that it teaches only his spiritual resurrection. We say,

1. That if Christ's body is not raised, he was a *false prophet*. In John ii. 18, 19, 20, 21, we read, "Then answered the Jews, and said unto him, What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things? Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body." Here there is an unquestionable prediction of his resurrection. But *what* was to be raised? The quotation given furnishes the answer. It was his *body*—the *temple* they would destroy. He says—*Destroy this temple—that is, body, and in three days I will raise* IT *up again*. So the disciples understood this language, after the resurrection had taken place. Thus we read—"When, therefore, he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered that he had said this unto them; and they believed the scripture, and the word which Jesus had said."—John ii. 22. Here then we see that if Christ's body was not raised, he was a false prophet.

2. Jesus expressly contradicted the theory under examination. In Luke xxiv. 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, we read—"And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me, and see me; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and feet." The sudden and unexpected appearance of Jesus, in the midst of the disciples, greatly terrified them; and in their fright they thought that what they saw was a spirit. Perceiving their fear, Jesus said, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" After having thus interrogated them, he proceeded to prove, that it was not a spirit which they saw. This he did in twe ways. first, by saying, a spirit had not flesh and bones as he had; and secondly by asking them to handle him, and look at his hands and feet. Now what are we to think of a man, who in the face of such testimony as this, will assert that Christ's body was not raised? And yet, Prof. Bush has done this! The language under consideration could not have escaped his notice; for he has quoted and commented on a passage following it, which speaks of Christ's asking for meat, and of his eating a piece of broiled fish. He gives an instance from the Old Testament to prove that spirits *can eat* meat! But he is careful to say nothing of Christ's labor to prove that he was not a spirit.

3. Christ's interview with Thomas shows that his body was raised. Thomas, it seems, was hard to be convinced that Christ had risen, and declared that he would not believe, unless he could see in the hands of Christ the print of the nails, put his finger into the print of the nails, and thrust his hand into his side. Eight days after this strong language had been employed, Thomas saw the Savior, who said to him, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing. And Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book."—John, xx. 27, 28, 29, 30.

Now how could Thomas have been convinced, if Christ's body was not raised? A spirit has not flesh and bones, and yet into the wounds of the hands and side of Christ, Thomas put his fingers! That he believed in the resurrection of Christ's body, there is no doubt; and therefore if it was not raised, Christ must either have assumed a bodily appearance for the interview with him, or else so affected his senses as to make him think he saw and felt what had no existence. In either case, Christ acted the part of a deceiver!

Professor Bush admits that all the Apostles were deceived; that all of them supposed that the body of Christ was raised. This is a singular admission. We should be sorry to believe, that their faith was built upon a great falsehood; and that their faith had no foundation in truth. Still, if Christ's body was not raised, we do not wonder that they were deceived; for what they saw and heard gave them every reason to suppose, tuat their Lord had returned to them in the body which he had before his death. He had the same appearance as before his death, spoke in the same voice, and showed them the wounds received at his crucifixion. No intimation was given that it was not his body. On the contrary, everything was done which could be to convince them that it was the identical body which was crucified! But Professor Bush says, *it was nowhere said that Christ's body was raised.* If this be not said, we would ask, what language could be employed that would express it? We cannot well understand the hardihood that would lead to the utterance of such an assertion as this! But the Professor says—It is a fair presumption that the same body which arose, also ascended. We grant it, and the declaration of the Bible is, that the Apostles saw him ascend. How soon after his departure from the view of the Apostles, his body was changed into its original elements, we have no information. That the being who raised it, could thus change it when he desired, there is no doubt. Professor Bush thinks that the body was changed in the sepulchre. Some of those who adopt his theory deny miracles. We do not know how they would dispose of the body. Perhaps they would say with the Jews that the disciples stole it!

The attempt of Professor Bush, to show that the body of Christ was divested of the conditions of matter, appears to us exceedingly weak. His argument is drawn from John xx. 19—"At evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." It is also drawn from John xx. 26—"And after eight days his disciples were again within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you." Now what is here said? That Jesus passed through *closed doors?* Nothing of the kind. It is simply said, that when the Christians had assembled together, and shut the doors of their room, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came into their midst. Who would think of saying, that if Professor Bush entered a church, after the doors were shut, that he was ethereal? Really, a man must be hard pushed for an argument, to attempt to prove from such statements as these, that Christ's body was not raised. There is something in the Professor's quotations which looks to us a little unfair. To prove that Christ's body was spiritual, he quotes Luke xxiv. 36, 37, which reads thus—"And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit." Here he stops. If he was honest, why not give the verses next following? They read thus—"And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he shewed them his hands and feet.

It is not necessary that we should follow the Professor through all his forced constructions of plain passages. His attempt to build an argument on the fact that the soldiers had taken the garments of the Savior, implies that he supposed God incapable of furnishing apparel for him!

But it is said, if Christ's body was raised, then his resurrection is no pledge of ours, unless our bodies are to be raised. This is a perfect fallacy. Christ said he was the resurrection and the life; and that because he lives, we shall live also. He is called the first fruits of them that slept; and he is said to have abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. Thus his resurrection is a pledge and an illustration of ours in several respects. 1. His resurrection proves that his promise can be relied upon; and that we may believe him when he says *we shall live again.* 2. His resurrection proves that the death of the body does not annihilate the soul; for if it did, there could be no resurrection. 3. His resurection proves that we shall be raised to immortality, for he did not again see death.

Universalist Miscellany.

THE OATH OF GOD.

God hath confirmed his promise by an *oath.* See Gen. xxii. 16–18; Heb. vi. 13. But the most striking passage, perhaps, is this: "I have sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongne shall swear, surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength."—Isaiah xiv. 23, 24. We think the words of Adam Clarke on the oath of God, are worthy of the deepest consideration. On the words of God "he sware *by himself,*" Clarke remarks, "He pledged his eternal power and Godhead for the fulfilment of the promise; there was no being superior to himself, to whom he could make appeal, or by whom he could be bound; therefore he appeals to and pledges his immutable truth and Godhead."—*Com, on Hebrew* vi. 13. And again, the same commentator remarks, "The *promise* pledged his faithfulness and justice; the *oath* all the infinite perfections of his Godhead; for he swore by himself. There is a good saying in Beracoth, on Exodus xxxii. 14. *Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swearedst by thine own self.* What is the meaning of *by thine own self?* Rab Eleazer answered, thus said Moses to the holy blessed God, Lord of all the world, If thou hadst sworn to them by the heavens and the earth, then I should have said, as the heavens and the earth shall pass away, so may thy oath pass away. But now thou hast sworn unto them by the great Name, which liveth and which endureth forever, and forever, and ever; therefore thy oath shall endure forever and forever and ever."—*Com. on Heb. vi.* 18.

Trumpet.

A Capital Hit.—"Mrs. A.," said a ragged urchin at a neighbors' door, "won't you please darn my stockings?—see those great holes there?"

"Want me to darn your stockings?—what for?"

"Why, you see, mother can't get time."

"Cant get time? Well, where is your mother?"

"Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle."

Extent of Creation.—In a recent lecture in New York, by Dr. Nicol, a celebrated Scotch Astronomer, he stated that light passes through space at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, and that Lord Rosse's famous telescope, with which he was perfectly well acquainted, has the power of penetrating through space so far that the most distant star which it can reach is at such a vast distance from us, that its light, moving with this inconceivable rapidity, cannot reach us in less than *sixty thousand years!* Multiply the seconds in 60,000 years by 200,000 miles, and you will learn something of the extent of creation.

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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History of Universalism in New York.

At the annual session of the New York Association for 1845, the writer was appointed to prepare an account of the rise, progress, and present condition of Universalism in New York and vicinity. Soon after the appointment was made, I set about the work of gathering what information I could; in the prosecution of which I have found it difficult to gather data sufficient to venture to construct a connected chain from the first proclamation of the doctrine of Universal Salvation, down to the present time. Altho the area is apparently small, and the period brief, extending back but little over three quarters of a century, yet as no organized society was established, the records of which have come down to the present time, till about the year 1800, nothing more can be given previous to that period than the fragmentary information picked up here and there, in books, and related by elderly persons still living. Such authorities we have consulted as far as we have been able.

Whoever undertakes to give the history of any doctrines or opinions, from their origin and early dissemination, will find himself hedged about by many difficulties. He will be like the explorer of unknown and unfamiliar countries; who, on meeting with a river, would fain know its source and embouchure, but has no means of ascertaining the former, and must wait the motion of the current to float him down to the latter. The geographer finds little trouble in defining the main outlines of a country, but the minute, which are equally essential to the perfection of his map, causes him no small share of labor, anxiety, and guess-work. So the historian traces, with little difficulty, the thread of his narration, till it fines down to a point so small, and penetrates regions so distant and so dark that he loses its course. Probabilities then become his guide, and lucky is it for those who repose confidence in him as authority, if he does not substitute fable for facts, fiction for reality, and his own opinions for the doctrines he would describe.

In most cases the commencement and progress of a doctrine is like the incoming of morning. Some rays of light faintly gleam on the mind; new truths are displayed, and old errors are rejected. The heart becomes gradually warmed into new life, till, at length, a complete system, radical in most of its parts, supplants the old one entirely. Such is the progress of reformation upon individual minds. Hence, every man who will set himself to work to analyze the operations of truth, in a way to mark every step in the transitions of his views and feelings, will find he has undertaken a task of difficult execution. The same may be said of the growth of doctrines in society. Many, there are, who have glimmerings of a better faith, for which they can give no account, and the facts of which they may be unwilling to own, till more thoroughly convinced, and more entirely subjected to the influence of the new opinions.

Our present duty, fortunately, requires us to do no more than find the source and trace the progress of Universalism as a distinct and avowed doctrine; meaning thereby the belief in the salvation of all men. But, in prosecuting this work, it will not be objected that some notice be taken of the different processes or systems by which such conclusions are arrived at; for Universalism now embraces principles widely different and, in many respects, directly antagonistic to those maintained by the early advocates of that doctrine in this city and elsewhere These changes must, of course, be noticed. Our history would be incomplete were it otherwise. These distinctions do not entirely destroy the claim, tho in some cases they mar the smoothness and beauty of it. Still the one great article recognized in our system of faith—the final salvation of all mankind—let the other differences be what they might, has ever been and still is the signet of our denomination which distinguishes us from other sects of Christians. Using such material as we have been able to glean, we shall proceed to the performance of the task assigned according to our best ability.

W. S. B.

NOTE.—As this history will be continued in several successive numbers, I should be happy to receive all the information that can be obtained. If any of the brethren are in possession of facts touching the history of Universalism previous to 1796, or any thing of much moment since that date, I would respectfully request them to communicate the same to me as soon as convenient.

W. S. B.

"There is a Reality in Religion."

Nothing is more common than to hear the above expression, from the mouths of those engaged in those schemes of proselytism, denominated revivals of religion. If it were applied to the religion of the Bible, so beautifully described in the language of the Apostle James, (1: 27,) there could be but one opinion as to its truth and propriety. The "widow and the fatherless," "the pure in heart," and all who have ever "tasted the luxury of doing good," know from a joyful experience, that there is indeed a blessed reality in that religion which is "pure and undefiled before God and the Father." As well might we question the fact of our own existence, as to doubt the reality of such a religion as that. But the religion referred to by those who make most frequent use of this declaration concerning its reality, unfortunately happens to be of a character widely different from that which is mentioned in the Bible, and consists, mainly, of excited passions and superstitious observances. We question the reality of such a religion as this. We see no utility in its exercises, and no possible advantage that can arise to the human family from the practice of it. Among the various reasons that might be urged against the idea that there is any thing real in what individuals profess to obtain in those seasons of excitement, is the variable and transient nature of what they profess to experience. We have heard of a whole church, the members of which, when they joined the communion to which they now belong, verily thought that they had got hold of a reality, but upon the occasion of a recent revival among them, publicly declared that they had never known what religion was until now. Of course, then, they were deceived in relation to their first experience, and what assurance have they, that they are not equally so now. Should they be spared until another revival season comes round, they will, doubtless, be prepared to make the same concession in relation to their present experience, that they now make in relation to their former one. Verily, a thing so fickle and changeable appears more like a shadow or an illusion than a reality, We rejoice that the public are coming at length to understand this, and that more rational views are taking the place of those old and exploded superstitions, which in times past have done such unspeakable injury to the cause of true religion. Revivals, in the popular sense of the term, are nearly out of date, and are now only tolerated in those dark corners of the earth which have failed to keep pace with an enlightened public sentiment. Men are coming to understand that religion consists in virtuous and benevolent action, rather than in rusty experiences and vain and superstitious emotions. Let all the followers of Christ unite their efforts to revive and bring into constant exercise the "pure and undefiled religion,"

taught in the precepts, and illustrated in the life of him they profess to serve, and there will be no occasion to question either their sincerity or sagacity, when they declare that "there is a reality in religion." S. C. B.

Rev. George W. Perkins.

This gentleman seems to have been not a little disturbed by the progress which truth is making in his vicinity. He preached, not long since, a sermon entitled "Popular Fallacies Examined," which his followers pronounced a full refutation of Universalism. The sermon was delivered in the Congregational Church in Meriden, Conn. We have before us, in a neat pamplet form, a reply to that sermon, by a writer whose name is not given, and who, we judge, is a layman. The reply is written in a spirit of candor, and clearly exposes the fallacies of the sermon reviewed. We are surprised that any clergyman of education or standing, should advocate positions so untenable as those assumed by Mr. Perkins. As a specimen of his reasoning, take the following:

"After enumerating the various titles that are applied to God in the Scriptures, he (Mr. Perkins) goes on to say that by the term Father, 'Is more beautifully shadowed forth the affectionate regard of God for us, and the confiding love with which we may address him, than by any abstract terms which we could employ. But the word is evidently figurative: for, of course, the true and literal father of each of us, is a human being.' Are we to understand from this, that God is in no true sense our Father? He says the term is evidently *figurative*, and the reason he gives for it is, that each of us has a true and literal human father. But does this destroy the paternity of God? May we not have a father of the Spirit as well as of the flesh? But that God is truly the Father of all of us, is abundantly proved by the Scriptures; or what means the question—'Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?' Matt. ii: 10. What else can be the meaning of Paul? 'But to us there is one God, *the Father*,' 1 Cor. viii: 6. 'One God and *Father of all*,' Eph. iv: 6. If language can be more conclusive than this, it is found in Christ's language to the multitude when he says, "Call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven.' Matt. xxiii: 9. But the cavil that God is only figuratively our Father, because we have all fathers of the flesh, is unequivocally set aside, by Heb. xii: 9. 'We have had fathers of the flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the *Father of Spirits*, and live?' God, then, is our Father: He created us in his own image, a little lower than the angels. He breathed into us the breath of life, and we are his children in the primary sense in which Adam was his son, Luke iii: 38."

Mr. Perkins argues that God as a Lawgiver and Judge may justly do many things which he could not do as a Father. The reviewer very clearly shows the fallacy of such reasoning. He says:

"It is useless for Mr. Perkins to contend that God's relations as Father and Judge require different courses of conduct toward his children, thus creating conflicting feelings in the mind of deity. The relation of Father and offspring was the *first* relation that existed between man and his Maker; and consequently that of Lawgiver, and Judge, can only be secondary to that of Father. His assertion that it is right, it is absolutely the duty of the judge to do things which it would be utterly wrong for the father to do, when applied to our heavenly Father and Lawgiver, must be substantiated by some better argument, than the duties of an earthly judge in enforcing the barbarous laws of human enactment.

"Our heavenly Father is both Lawgiver and Judge; and as a Father, he will make no laws save such as will confer the greatest amount of happiness upon his children; and in his character of judge, he enforces no others.

"The argument, that there are vaster interests to be regarded than those of the criminal, upon which Mr. Perkins relied to prove that the judge should act differently from the father, is founded in a mistaken idea of government, modeled after the barbarous example of Lucius Junius Brutus. The interest of the criminal require this; and the feelings of father and judge would dictate it. It is the revenge of society, too long manifested in its laws, and not its interests, that requires the judge to sacrifice the feelings of a father; which feelings, Mr. Perkins has said in a subsequent lecture, belonged to, and should be exercised by, the judge. But no conflicting passions can destroy the counsels of God, for he is without variableness or the shadow of turning; and as all his attributes harmonize with his character as a Father, his punishments must be finite and reformatory, inflicted for the good of his offspring."

The next argument examined by Mr. Perkins, is thus stated in the review:

"Whatever God *desires* to do, he assuredly *can* do; and therefore most certainly will do. This argument is then applied as follows: God surely *desires* the salvation of all men; he *can* save all; he therefore *will* save all."

Mr. Perkins proceeds to reply to this argument by showing, that God's will is not in all things done; and that though he is infinitely good, he permits the existence of great misery; that we see this in the Irish famine, and the cries of woe that go up from thousands of human habitations. Speaking of the famine of Ireland, he says, that God could have prevented it, but would not; and that "this refusal may be wise and benevolent, resting on a regard to vaster interests, which that wisdom sees to be better secured by firm adherence to a previously and benevolently formed system." In reply to this, the reviewer justly says:

"His argument, then, drawn from the Irish famine, must be entirely worthless, unless he can prove that the salvation of all men, which he virtually admits God desires, and is able to accomplish, does not secure the vaster interests of mankind, or is not in accordance with his wisdom and benevolence: or that the endless suffering of a part of the human family is in accordance with his wisdom and benevolence, resting on a regard to vaster interests. His whole argument is that God will accomplish his desires only so far as those desires embrace the greatest interests of his creation. And what other desires, I ask, can a Father of love, who is unchangeable, possess than this? If none, are there any desires he will not accomplish? It is folly for us to attempt to tell what are the desires of God, farther than he has revealed them to us, because, with our limited perceptions, it is impossible for us to see the effect certain causes may have under his moral government.

"Had we lived in Jacob's time, we might have thought God desired that Joseph should be returned to the embrace of his aged and sorrowing father. But this very act showed the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, in securing Jacob and his sons from the ravages of the famine. Could we have seen the Savior, when agony wrung from him crimson sweat in the garden of Gethsemane, or when he was yielding up his spirit on the top of Calvary, amid the tortures of the cross, and the jeers and scoffs of a pitiless multitude, we should have said, surely our Father desires that this cup should pass from his Son; but now we see unfolded his mysterious benevolence, and recognize in the act the accomplishment of the designs of the unchangeable Father. Job says, He is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what *his soul desireth, even that he doeth*, Job xxiii: 13. In view of these arguments, then, the bare fallacy, as stated by himself, remains untouched by his arguments."

The reviewer, in order to place his position beyond the possibility of cavil, shows that God's will to save all, is certain of being accomplished. We will give one paragraph on this point. He says:

"These are a few of the passages that might be quoted, showing the pleasure of the Lord, and that his pleasure will be done. If, in the accomplishment of his pleasure, all things are to be reconciled to God, can there any remain in endless rebellion? We hope Mr. Perkins will answer this in the light of scriptural 'facts.' That God has purposed the salvation of all men, is as clearly revealed in the Scriptures. He *hath purposed in himself*, that in the dispensation of the fullness of times, he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and earth, Eph. i: 9, 10. For *this purpose* was the Son of God made manifest, that he *might destroy the works of the devil*, 1 John iii: 8. Will the purpose be accomplished? Yea, I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; *I have purposed, I also will do it*, Isa. xlvi: 11.

The review fully refutes the fallacies advanced by Mr. Perkins. O. A. S.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, but now I have become a man, I have put away childish things.

Fair and Festival of the Bleecker Street Society.

This social gathering, which took place at the Coliseum, on Thursday evening of last week, was one of the most splendid and successful affairs of the kind that was ever held in this city. Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, owing to the violent snow storm that was raging at the time, the spacious and brilliant saloons of the Coliseum were thronged at an early hour, and the crowd at length became so great, that the committee were obliged to suspend the sale of tickets after having disposed of over 1200, the accommodations being insufficient for a greater number.

A rich and abundant supply of music, of various kinds was provided, among which we noticed Dingle's celebrated brass band, those charming singers, the Bohannon Family, Christys' Minstrels, and several amateur clubs, whose excellent performances, contributed in no small degree to heighten the pleasures of the entertainment.

After an evening spent in most agreeable social intercourse —listening to the addresses from different speakers, and the sweet strains of enchanting music, and in viewing and admiring the taste displayed in arranging the tables, and the various articles offered for sale, the assembled multitude at length sat down to a most sumptuous repast, which had been provided in rich abundance, and placed in tempting order before them and to which they did ample justice. Thus ended this most agreeable entertainment, which, to those who shared its pleasure, will be an occasion long and gratefully to be remembered. Those concerned in its management have abundant reason to congratulate themselves upon the complete success of their undertaking, both as it regards their efforts to please the friends who kindly extended to them their patronage, and the substantial tokens of regard which were received in return. S. C. E.

The Desire of Saints to see the Beauty of the Lord.

Though David was a man of war, and followed, during the greater part of his life, the pursuits of war, he was devotedly attached to the worship of God, and found no pleasure so great as that which he experienced when bowing in adoration in the holy temple. He lamented deeply that his caling prevented his engaging regularly in divine worship, and improving each returning Sabbath in the sanctuary of holiness. When far away from his loved altar, and when fully realizing, from his deprivation, the preciousness of the enjoyments and privileges of worship, he composed the Psalm in which we find the following beautiful language, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

One thing have I desired—one thing more than all others. that I might be so situated as to dwell in God's temple, and there offer to him on every Sabbath the grateful oblation of prayer and praise. This he desired, among other reasons, because there he beheld the beauty of the Lord; he had those displays of his perfections and glories which filled his soul with gladness, and lifted it up in holy confidence. All good men have the same desire. They regard a day spent in God's house as better than a thousand—"they had rather be doorkeepers in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly, Ps. lxxxiv: 10, 11. As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so pants their soul after God, for in his temple they behold his beauty.

Beauty of the Lord! Is not this a somewhat singular form of speech? We call things that have an elegant figure; that are fair; that have a form which pleases the eye, beautiful. So we say of sounds, that they are beautiful, when they please the ear. Hence we call tunes beautiful. But David speaks of the beauty of the Lord! Now, as there is nothing beautiful that is not pleasing, by the beauty of the Lord he must have meant something which was pleasing—calculated to delight and to charm. He must, too, have referred to characters, not to form, not to any bodily proportions; for God is not material —he has no body, and can not be seen by the natural eye. It was, then, a beauty of character which he saw. But in character there is nothing beautiful that is not good. We never say of a bad person, he has a beautiful character. Every manifestation of sin is ugly, hideous, repulsive. How often, after a brief acquaintance, have we turned in disgust from a person who had great beauty of person, in consequence of his odiousness of character. When, therefore, David speaks of the Divine beauty, he must have reference to the Divine excellence; for nothing but excellence can render an intelligent being morally beautiful. God might have supreme wisdom, supreme power, supreme greatness, and yet not be beautiful. He might have all his natural attributes, and yet be infinitely unlovely. Suppose his wisdom and power were controlled by malevolence, would it be possible to conceive of a being more odious? Infinite wisdom and power under the control of an evil heart, would make them more to be feared than all things else. They would be enough to fill a universe with horror, and spread darkness over the whole regions of boundless space. But when we see that all the natural attributes of God are under the control of infinite goodness—and when we see that the omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent God is infinitely good, then do we see his infinite beauty. Then, instead of being terrible, dreadful, he is clothed with infinite beauties: and we are ready to say—

"Thou art Almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow—
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

"What mortal hand shall dare to paint
A semblance of thy glory, Lord?
The brightest rainbow tints are faint,
The brightest stars of heaven afford
A dim effusion of those rays
Of light that round Jehovah blaze."

Thus the beauty of the Lord consists in his infinite goodness. It is this that makes all his other attributes beautiful. His wisdom is the wisdom of goodness; his power is the power of goodness; his justice is the justice of goodness; his faithfulness is the faithfulness of goodness; his Providence is the Providence of goodness—and they are all beautiful. It is no wonder, therefore, that so much is said in the Bible of God's goodness—that he is declared to be a God of love—good unto all—to *be* good, and *do* good. O. A. S.

Syosset, L. I.

This is unquestionably one of the pleasantest villages on Long Island. It is situated on Oyster Bay, about forty miles from this city. We had the satisfaction to find on the occasion of our late visit to the place, many warm hearted and zealous friends of our cause. The Temperance lecture which we delivered on Saturday evening, was well attended. A good interest in this noble enterprise is sustained by the Sons of Temperance, whose zeal and faithfulness in the cause is worthy of all praise. The Friends meeting house, which was kindly opened for our use on Sunday afternoon and evening, was well filled with devout and attentive listeners. We understand that an effort is to be made to secure stated preaching for at least one fourth of the time. and devoutly hope that it may prove successful. S. C. E.

Extracts of a Letter from Br. Le Fevre.

Any thing from the pen of our excellent and beloved Br. Le Fevre, is always read with pleasure by his numerous friends in this section of the country. The following extracts are from a letter to a friend in this city, who has kindly offered them to us for publication.

MILWAUKIE, FEB. 4, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter, with the accompanying book, I received on the 19th of January, which was just three months after the date. I am very much obliged to you for sending it to me, and from the noise it has made in our denomination, I felt some uncommon degree of curiosity to read it. I have done so with great attention, and endeavored to exercise all possible candor, and, in accordance with your expressed wish, I proceed to give you my opinion.

I have no uncharitable remarks to make against the author or his coadjutors. I am willing to believe that all has been conducted fairly and in good faith; nor can I avoid the admission that it is an uncommon production and, if Davis has never read any thing on the subjects on which he treats, it is still more remarkable. Of its philosophical part I do not consider myself competent to judge. Various hypotheses have been advanced with respect to the origin of the material system, and of the formation of man, and the inferior animals. I would only here observe that the idea is not original with Davis, though he may have enlarged upon the subject. The French writers, termed infidel, have long since advocated similar views. I cannot, after the most careful perusal, ascertain whether he believes in the existence of an intelligent Being, whom we call God. He speaks of the great Positive Mind, the great First Cause, the great Vortex or Univercœlum, and yet he seems to lay it down as the basis of his whole theory that *matter* and *motion* are the elements from which all power, mind, spirit, with the attributes of wisdom, goodness, justice and mercy, emanated. As far as I can penetrate the mist, I should look upon his system as pantheistical—that God is in all things and that all things are God. If I have judged him wrongfully I am sorry for it, for I wish to misrepresent or misinterpret no one.

Of his visits to the other planets, and of the truth of his statements, of course I can say nothing. They are placed beyond all human ken. But I certainly see no reason why I should repose more confidence in them than I would in any of the descriptions of a heathen mythology. I have no intention to say that any disposition existed to tell "*traveller's stories.*" He may, to use his own expression, have been *impressed* with their truth, and so may many others who have written on the same subject. I am constrained to say, in great plainness of speech, that I have no confidence in the certainty of mesmeric revelations. I have been put in communication with those who were noted for their clear vision, and who have undertaken to describe places to which I have referred them, but they have entirely failed in their pretensions. How much in Mesmerism is true I do not know, but one thing I do know, that a great deal is false.

Mr. Davis' description of the spirit world is in my view an extravagant and fantastic reverie. To him, in his sleeping moments, it may appear reality, but to me, in my waking moments, it appears a dream. This is the difference of our impressions.

His criticisms on the Scriptures are the stale objections of the opposers of Christianity in different periods. In some particulars all history is against him. The great Council at Nice, convened by Constantine, did not, so far as I can learn, discuss the subject of the canons of the Scripture, but was assembled to put down the Arian heresy. I think it much beneath one pretending to inspiration, or the authorship of such important revelations, to endeavor to render the Scriptures ridiculous by silly pleasantries. "*Soft-bark*" is as applicable to all books, not excepting that of Davis' revelations, as to the Bible. Things must have some name, and none could be more applicable than that of the material of which written documents were first composed. Which of the two is the more "excellent," posterity will probably decide. His voice to mankind is but another edition of "Owen's New World," and the doctrine of Fourier. With these systems I have no sympathy. I do not condemn them. I do not question the philanthropy of those who advocate them. They think them calculated to ameliorate the condition of the human race, and they are quite justified in recommending them to notice, and urging their acceptance. But they must not feel offended if others have not the same views as themselves. What few institutions I have witnessed in this country have not certainly given me a very flattering impression of their feasibility. On the whole, I should call Davis' revelations rather curious than profitable, rather fanciful than real.

Rev. John Murray.

Several notices of Rev. John Murray have recently appeared in the Evening Transcript, one of the oldest and most respectable dailies of Boston. We have been much interested in the perusal of these notices, and especially with the anecdotes which they have contained. Mr. Murray was a great favorite in Boston, even among those who did not attend his church. He was social, cheerful and witty, and no man could do more than he to enliven a social circle. His conversation was not only pleasant, but highly instructive; and though the clergy denounced him as bad and dangerous, all who knew him esteemed him to be a man of great excellency of character. We copy the following from one of the notices:

"He came hither, very poor, in 1770. He preached in various places, and settled in Boston, about 1785, the first Universalist minister; and died at his residence, No. 5 Franklin street, Sept. 3, 1815, at the age of 74, after six years of physical helplessnes.

"When he first attempted to preach in Boston, he is said to have been interrupted and abused. He was even driven from his pulpit with stones and other missiles. On this occasion, taking advantage of a calm, he is reported to have presented himself, with a fragment of brickbat in each hand, saying to the assembly, with a manner peculiarly his own, 'your arguments, my friends, are sufficiently weighty, but not so convincing.'

"He once dined at my father's table, with Dr. Mather Byles, and others. Dr. Byles was not particularly attentive to him. Sensible of this, perhaps, and willing to be even with the doctor, who was rather too ready to sacrifice his clerical respectability to his thirst for punning, Mr. Murray availed himself of a pause, to inquire of Dr. Byles the true meaning of the term *reverend*. 'Terrible, sir,' was the doctor's instant reply. On the following day a parcel was received at his residence, in Nassau street, from Mr. Murray, addressed in very conspicuous characters, to the 'Terrible Mather Byles.'

"Tears seemed ever at his command. They seemed to cost as little effort, and flow as readily, as in the case of the celebrated Miss Streetfield, whom Miss Burney met so frequently, at Streatham.

"Being at Mr. Murray's study, one morning, when a boy, my attention was attracted by a box of earth, in one corner of the room. I asked what was the object of keeping it there. "I will tell you my child," he replied; "when I came from England I brought over a couple of mulberry trees in that box. They died; but I have kept the box of earth ever since. I am sometimes treated less kindly than I wish to be; and when I am out of spirits, I love to stand upon the earth in that box, and while I pray for them that despitefully use me, think I am on British ground.'"

The anecdote in relation to his being stoned, is somewhat differently given in the life of Mr. Murray. He is there represented as having held up a stone aimed at him, and as having said, "This argument is *solid* and *weighty*, but is neither *rational* nor *convincing*. The stone is said to have weighed about a pound and a half, and exclamations, says Mr. Murray, "from various parts of the house, were echoed and re-echoed: 'Pray, sir, leave the pulpit, your life is at hazard,' Be it so, I returned, the debt of nature must be paid, and I am as ready and as willing, to discharge it now, as I shall be fifty years hence. Yet for your consolation, suffer me to say, I am immortal, while he who called me into existence has any business for me to perform; and when he has executed those purposes, for which he has designed me, he will graciously sign my passport to realms of blessedness. With your good leave, then, I pursue my subject, and while I have a—THUS SAITH THE LORD—for every point of doctrine which I advance, not all the stones in Boston, except they stop my breath, shall shut my mouth, or arrest my testimony. The congregation was, as I have said, astonishingly large; but order and silence were gradually restored, and I had uncommon freedom in the illustration and defence of those sacred truths, which will be ultimately triumphant." O. A. S.

Baltimore Sabbath School.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following account of the condition and prospects of the Sabbath School connected with the First Universalist Society in Baltimore, from the pen of its late pastor, Rev. J. Shrigley. We rejoice to learn that Br. Shrigley's health is improving, and that he expects in the course of a few months to resume his pastoral duties:

BALTIMORE, Feb. 29, 1848.

DEAR BROTHERS:—Knowing the deep interest you feel in every branch of our Zion, I presume to trespass upon your time and space by a brief account of our Sabbath School Exhibitions in this city. You have often heard of our large and flourishing School—of the zeal and intelligence of our teachers—of the progress of the scholars, and of the good moral and religious character of both. The School owes much of its present prosperity to the labors of our late Superintendent, Br. Wm. Bayley, who has labored long and zealously in the good cause. He has, however, deemed it his duty to give the management of the School to other hands; but from what cause I am unable to say, unless because his head is becoming "silvered o'er with age," or he desires a little relaxation previous to a more determined effort after we have repaired our Church, and commenced services again in September next. One thing however is pretty certain, if I recommence my labors again I shall expect Br. B. to re-commence his, and never consent to his absence from our Sabbath School meetings, even if we are under the necessity of appointing a special committee to escort him to the church! He was formed on purpose for a *Sabbath School man*, and he is peculiarly fitted for any office connected with a school, in consequence of his proverbial good nature, patience, perseverance and several other little etceteras which are not often combined in those who undertake the religious instruction of children. In saying this, I mean no disparagement to our past or present officers—they have all been *good and true*, but none of us have the vanity to believe we could fill Br. Bayley's place in a Sabbath School.

We have held two exhibitions this winter, from which we have realized from two to three hundred dollars. On one occasion the church was crowded to overflowing, and many were obliged to return home for want of a place even to *stand* during the exercises. The crowning features of the Exhibitions were the "TWO ALTARS," and the "ALTARS OF NATURE;" both of which were admirably performed. Br. J. L. Camp, who has been our Secretary from time immemorial, had the sole charge of this department, and has certainly done himself great honor in its production. The children had all their parts concommitted to perfection, and so far as I am capable of judging, sang with the spirit and the *understanding*. Br. Camp has been connected with the School ever since he was old enough to understand Universalism; but if he had never done it any other service, his efforts to perfect the scholars in the "Altars," would entitle him to the everlasting thanks of every friend of the church. J. S.

Another Free Church.

The liberal portion of community, residing in and about Hart's Village, Dutchess County, have caused to be erected a neat and commodious meeting-house, which was opened for religious worship for the first time on Saturday, Feb. 19, at which time, by the request of those friendly to our cause in that section, I attended, and delivered a discourse to a large and attentive congregation. This is, emphatically, a *free* house, and it is surrounded by a free people, and should any of our ministering brethren be passing that way, they will be pretty sure of a good congregation, should they make an appointment at this place. O. W.

Gratuitous Distribution.

The very excellent and peculiarly *readable* Address of CHIEF JUSTICE MASON, on Capital Punishment, which was published in this paper a few weeks ago, has been issued in a Pamphlet form by the New York Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, and will be distributed *gratuitously* wherever opportunity offers, and good can be effected thereby. Friends of the cause can be supplied on application to this Office.

G. E. B.

Br. Henry Gifford.

It gives us great pleasure to learn that this very zealous and faithful minister has regained his health. We know not when we have felt more sad than we did, a few years since, on receiving a call from him in Boston. His voice was entirely gone. He was not able to give utterance to a whisper, loud enough to be heard. His health, too, was very feeble, and no hope of a recovery was given him by the physicians. It was sad indeed, to see one so useful as he had been, thus taken from his field of labor. But a merciful Providence has seen fit to restore him, and we hope that he will soon be again in the work which he so ardently loved. The Star in the West, says:

O, A. S.

"Br. Henry Gifford, who lost his voice about two years ago, probably from speaking too much, and laboring too hard, is now able, as we understand, to speak loud and converse freely. He labored as a preacher in this State several years, and with very excellent success; and we hope the time is not distant when he will again publicly proclaim the Gospel of free grace. We should like to hear of his health and prospects from his own pen, and so would his numerous friends."

A Great Mistake.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the meetings of the Missionary Society are uninteresting. So far this season, each meeting has possessed some features which have rendered it one of the most interesting occasions with which Universalists have been blessed. For instance, at the last meeting, Br. Thomas gave an account of a recent visit to one of the Pennsylvania penitentiaries. Those present will not soon forget the sketch of Friend Scattergood, the Warden, and his application of the principles of true Christianity to the government of the criminal; those not present suffered loss. We hope this account will be published.

Next Tuesday evening, the Society will meet at the Bleecker street Church. We cannot doubt that the meeting will be, as usual, interesting to all present. Why can we not have a crowded audience?

Dedication at Williamsburgh.

The new Universalist Church in Williamsburgh will be dedicated to the worship of the one living and true God on Wednesday next, the 15th inst. Services to commence at 3 o'clock P. M. There will also be services in the evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

We hope to see a large number of our friends from New York, Brooklyn and the "region round about" on the occasion, enough to fill the house to overflowing; and we wish as many as can to remain to the evening service. We will provide for the bodily comfort of all such.

The Church is on the corner of South Third and Fourth Streets. H. L.

The Universalist Miscellany.

Br. A. P. Cleverly has sold the Miscellany to A. Mudge, its original proprietor, by whom its publication will be continued the same as ever. The March number contains, besides a well filled editor's table, articles on the following subjects: Capital Punishment, by Rev. O. A. Skinner; God's Method, by Rev. A. A. Miner; The Supper, by Rev. H. R. Nye; The Charity of Humanity and the Charity of the Church, by Rev. T.; Acrostic; The Divine Loving Kindness by Rev. Hosea Ballou: The Star of Hope, by Mrs. E. R. B. Waldo; Heaven, No. 3, by Rev. S. C. Hewitt.

Hingham, Mass.

We regret to learn that Br. Talbot has resigned his charge of the Society in this town. The reason assigned is ill health. He is a man of good talents and attainments, and we hope that he will soon be able to reassume his ministerial duties.

Universalist Theological Seminary, Clinton, N. Y.

It is now but a single term before the close of the third year of this institution, and I deem it proper to make a statement of its history, condition and prospects. I am the more impelled to this, because there are some questions upon which the friends of the school must decide before the close of the current year, and which affect its very existence.

The school was commenced, as all familiar with its origin well know, with no expectation of making it from the beginning what the interests of the denomination demand. It was hoped to make it an incipient school, which might lead to a better one. It was proposed to sustain it by *subscription*, and *five years* were assigned for the experiment. It was confidently hoped that one hundred individuals might be found who would willingly pay five dollars per annum, for the support of such a school.

In some respects these hopes and expectations have not been realized. The whole number of subscribers at the present time is *seventy-seven*. Of these fifty-four were obtained before the school was opened, twenty were added at the session of the U. S. Convention of 1845, and three have been added since. Of the whole number of subscribers only sixty-two have paid, *fifteen* having never paid at all. This neglect has undoubtedly been, in most cases, the result of carelessness, or in some, perhaps, of forgetfulness of having subscribed or authorized subscription.

The sums received during the two past years, and thus far on the current year, are as follows:

On 1st year, 60 subscribers, and donation of 50 cents,	$300 50
On 2nd year, 40 subscribers	200.00
On 3rd year, 9 subscribers	45.00
Total,	$545.50
To which must be added a collection taken up for the School in Orchard street Church, N. Y., in the Spring of 1846,	$150.00
Whole amount,	$695.50

The receipts on the remainder of the year it is impossible to conjecture. If the falling off be in the same ratio as the year previous $60 may be expected, making the sum total of the three years $755.50.

Of the sum already received the State of New

York has paid	$570.00
Massachusetts,	90.00
Connecticut,	25.00
Pennsylvania,	5.00
Canada West,	5.00
	$695.00

Of the $570 paid by the State of New York, the city of New York has paid $410—or nearly five-eights of the total receipts; and this has been drawn exclusively, so far at least as subscriptions are concerned, from the Orchard st. and Elizabeth st. societies, or individuals not properly connected with any society. I mention this circumstance not so much for the purpose of commending the laudable zeal of those societies, as to show what could easily be done in this work if but a tithe of our friends were really in earnest about it.

The number of Students who have been members of the school has been *twenty-nine*. Most of these have remained in School for the period of one year, and several for two years. Of this number *seventeen* are already engaged in the field of their professional labors, and several are occupying, with honor and usefulness, stations of importance and responsibility. *Six* are still members of the school, and four who have left, it is understood, have relinquished the intention of entering the ministry. Of the students, 16 have been from New York, 6 from Massachusetts, 2 from Rhode Island, 2 from Vermont, 1 from New Hampshire, 1 from Connecticut, and 1 from Pennsylvania. No regular course of studies has been found practicable, owing to the limited facilities of the school, and to the circumstances of the students. Instructions have been given in Sacred Geography, Jewish Antiquities, the Authenticity and Inspiration of the Scriptures, Sacred Criticism, the Interpretation of the Scriptures, Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, and Homiletics. Many of the students have also pursued various studies in the Clinton Liberal Institute, as the Greek, Latin and German Languages. Logic, Rhetoric, etc.

The expenses, as may be readily seen, have been rather moderate. The average number of students has been nine or ten, and the expenses per annum a fraction over $250, or between $25 and $28 for each student, or between $8 and $9 per term. Tuition in the Institute would have been $22,50 per annum, or $7,50 per term.

Having spoken thus of the past and the present, I must offer a few words with respect to the future. Hitherto I have spent always two hours, and a part of the time three or three and a half hours with the theological classes. This, in addition to my duties in the Institute, renders my labors very severe, and as I am obliged to preach statedly every Lord's day, I am unable to find that relaxation which I deem necessary to long continued health. Since I have been in Clinton my life has been little else than perpetual drudgery. I have ever been accustomed to labor, but the duties of the preacher and pastor are light in comparison with the task I have imposed upon myself here. I cannot long continue it.

At the close of my first year here I resigned, as is well known to some, my charge of the Theological School, and Rev. H. Ballou, D. D. was appointed its President. He was prevented from assuming the duties of the office only by the want of an adequate and permanent support. An effort was made to raise the sum of $10,000 as a fund for this purpose, but like most of our efforts in the cause of education, it proved a failure.

But it is not the severe labor alone which makes it proper for me to withdraw from the School. The compensation is quite too meagre to furnish any attraction to one already burdened with duties. Two hundred and fifty dollars per annum is a sum for which few competent to the work would assume the task of instructing such a school under any circumstances. What then shall we say of one hundred, or perhaps less? For one I shall frankly and honestly say, that much as I am interested in the cause, it is consistent neither with duty to myself nor the denomination to continue it. I have had occasion to be amused if not sometimes vexed by some instances of good natured ignorance on the part of our friends, who have sometimes spoken and acted as if our apology for a school here stood in the same list as that of Cambridge, Andover, New Haven, or Princeton. One excellent young brother actually came from Massachusetts under this agreeable hallucination, and learning his mistake—went back again! I can only wonder that people have not troubled themselves to inquire whence and how the means for such a school had been procured.

I shall only add that the existence of our little school depends on the good pleasure of Universalists. I have done, not what I could wish, but what I have been able. My labors and the money devoted to this important purpose have, I confidently trust, not been wasted, but at the close of the present year it is my purpose to terminate my connexion with the School. I could wish that it might be continued, under more favorable auspices than have hitherto attended it, but I see no prospect before it but utter extinction.

The past has convinced me that with anything like adequate effort a Theological Seminary could be founded, and, enjoying the commonest favor of the clergy, might at once be attended by twenty-five students and soon number from fifty to a hundred. If this school with all its disadvantages, has averaged ten students, it needs no prophecy to foresee that one properly endowed and instructed might be at once an honor and a blessing to our denomination.

T. J. Sawyer.

P. S.—Two or three individuals have paid in advance, for one or two years. In case the school is suspended this will be returned.

Clinton, March 1, 1848.

Miss L. M. Barker's School.

Miss Barker, one of the best Female Teachers in our denomnation, has relinquished her School in West Cambridge, Mass., and removed to Clinton, to take charge of the Female Department of the Institute. She had a flourishing School, and its discontinuance will be greatly regretted. We presume that the chief cause of the change was the sale of the spacious house in which her School was kept, and the impossibility of obtaining another one. A better Principal for the Institute could not be obtained; and we are certain that under her charge it will enjoy a high degree of prosperity.

Missionary Society.

The N. Y. Universalist Missionary Society will meet on Tuesday evening next, (commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock,) at the Bleecker Street Church. A full attendance is desired.

G. L. Demarest, *Secretary.*

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

Piece for Exhibition.

SPOKEN BY MARY JARVIS, FOUR YEARS OLD.

"You'll scarce expect one of my age,
To make a speech upon this stage,"
But if you'll list awhile to me,
My speech to-night quite short shall be.

'Twas just about this time last year,
I made my first appearance here,
And tried what I could do to speak,
But found my voice was rather weak.

Well now, "*I'll try again*," you know
That people say we must do so,
And if I don't succeed to night,
Why, I'll be in a pretty plight.

The Sabbath School I dearly love,
For there I learn of One *above*.
Who is our Father and our Friend,
Whose love to us will never end.

And there I learn of his dear Son,
The gentle and forgiving one,
Who, when he passed a little child,
Spoke words of peace, and gently smiled.

But now I think I'll stop, before
I make you all my speech deplore,
Or drop a word that is not right—
So now, I bid you all good night. J. G.

THE DYING CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH BY MARY HOWITT.

Mother, I'm tired, and I fain would be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so won'drous bright;
I see the Angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not thus sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And if thou weep then I must weep with thee!
Oh! I am tired—my weary eyes are closing!
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

SOCIETY.—If persons would never meet except when they have something to say, and if they would always seperate when they have exhausted their pleasant or profitable topics, how delightful, but alas! how evanescent would be our social assemblages.

Children, be Prompt.

Never say, when told to do any thing, "In a minute," or "by-and-by." This leads to a bad habit, which if not overcome, will prevent all confidence in you as you grow up. You will then put off duties you owe to your neighbor in the same way, and lose his confidence. Many men lose the respect of their neighbors, not so much because they mean to do wrong, as through mere carelessness. By-and-by, and *to morrow*, have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them anything but blessings in a neighborhood. Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfiled when it should be. And it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because business is not attended to when it ought to be. A tool is lost, because not promptly put back when done with. Fulfil promptly every promise made. Put off not an hour.

One anecdote. A little boy borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. But it was neglected. He was much distressed to think his promise was not fulfiled, and was finally persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home. By day-light he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off for his neighbor s in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool at his neighbor's door. And it appeared from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that little Henry had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and went to bed and knew it not. Surely, a boy prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and many offices of trust, and died lamented.

Agricultural Department.

Draught in Ploughing.

A correspondent of the *Farmers' Cabinet*, very justly observes that farmers often commit a great error, in shortening the draught too much under the supposition that they lighten the exertion of the team. They may do so, with a cart or sled, the load being in part transferred to the horses' backs. But in ploughing, 'the plough must be *set* so as to *swim*, without any tendency to rise or sink;' this important object being attained, the length of chain is immaterial.

Manure.

The principal problem for agriculture is, how to replace those substances which have been taken from the soil, and which cannot be furnished by the atmosphere. If the manure supplies an imperfect compensation for this loss, the fertility of a field or of a country decreases; if, on the contrary, more are given to the fields, their fertility increases.

An importation of urine, or of solid excrements, from a foreign country, is equivalent to an importation of grain and cattle. In a certain time, the elements of those substances assume the form of grain, or of fodder, then becomes flesh and bones, enter into the human boby, and return again day by day to the form they originally possessed.

The only real loss of elements we are unable to prevent is of the phosphates, and these, in accordance with the customs of all nations, are deposited in the grave. For the rest, every part of that enormous quantity of food which a man consumes during his lifetime (say in sixty or seventy years,) which was derived from the fields, can be obtained and returned to them.

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry, round-faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich and yet so industrious—so patient, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he wont set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I know will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with everybody. He is generally more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low and under-hand cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government.

Houses For Laborers.

A society exists in Edinburgh for promoting the comfort of the working classes. A large piece of land is bought in the suburbs, which is covered with suitable buildings; watered, and drained from central reservoirs. All things (land and materials) are bought at wholesale for ready money, and the best machinery, with steam power, is used. The work is also pushed most actively when labor is in least request. In this way a saving of fully one-haf is effected in the cost of a dwelling over the usual expense to the poor, who pay exorbitant rates for lots or ground-rent and for credit on materials. Some 10.000 workmen belong to the Association, each of whom pays a monthly contribution. The houses, at low comparative rents, pay a full interest, so as to induce capitalists, from other than benevolent motives, to contribute largely to the fund. Every contributor receives his share of the rentals and when he desires to buy (for his use only) he is entitled to his choice of unsold houses at nearly the cost price, payable in very small monthly instalments. By this plan instead of smll rooms in dirty alleys and courts, good sized, well lighted and ventilated rooms are provided, with wide streets and cheap omnibus conveyance to the town.

Food for Hogs.

No economical farmer will ever so far disregard his own interests as to feed unground grain to his hogs, while under the process of fattening. The cost of grinding is a mere trifle, compared with its advantages. By grinding corn, oats, barley and peas, (in equal quantities) and permitting the mixture to ferment, (after being properly moistened,) a most excellent diet is obtained. We advise every one who keeps swine to try this.

Curing Beef.

By most of the modes now in use, the beef becomes too much impregnated with salt, and is not, as a consequence, so fine for eating. By the following process this difficulty is prevented, and the beef will keep till the following summer: To 8 gallons of water, add 2 lbs. of brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 4 oz. of nitre, and fine salt till it will float an egg. This is enough for two common quarters of beef. It has been repeatedly tried and found very fine; a famous beef-eater says it is the only good way.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

THE UNBELIEVER.

BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

Alas! all rudderless behold the bark
Upon the sea, where waves in madness dash—
The storm-clouds gather threat'ningly and dark,
And lightnings gleam where distant thunders crash;
None knoweth where to find a welcome shore;
No pilot there—and seen no beacon light;
Rises yet fiercer now the storm-king's roar,
And ship, and sea, and sky, are veiled in night!

The dim lamps flicker—vain the prying eye
To pierce the darkness on that awful sea;
Hope now hath fled—Oh God! that piercing cry—
"The breakers there—close on the stormy lea!"
The fated ship groans 'neath the tempest-shocks
That drive her onward to a fearful doom;
One moment more—she's crush'd upon the rocks—
Down sinks each soul to an oblivious tomb!

* * * * * *

O Unbeliever! here a type behold
Of thy fore-shadowed doom upon life's sea—
Of thy philosophy, so dark and cold,
Which veils the star of IMMORTALITY!
No beacon-light of Hope beams on thy soul
From angel-clime of calm, eternal rest;
Beneath thy feet oblivious waves doth roll—
And thronging horrors brood within thy breast.

Thou hast no guiding compass, pilot, chart—
Naught save thy human lamp, so dim and frail;
Yet deep within thy yearning, restless heart,
A "still small voice!" essays to lift the veil.
Did God gross, thoughtless matter eternize—
Make *that* immortal, though such dross of earth?
And shall the Soul sink down no more to rise—
The nobler part that claims celestial birth?

Shall yonder orbs, which in bright glory burn—
Which think not, see not, cherish hopes nor fears,
Which love not, care not, have no hearts that yearn
For onward life, be link'd with endless years?
Why wilt thou doubt—so scoffingly why carp,
And seek to hush the inner, heavenly voice;
Why wilt thou crush the soul's mysterious harp,
Whose spirit-tones bid man in Hope rejoice.

O Unbeliever! in thy folly pause,
And rise thee from a dark and hopeless night;
Another life gleams forth from Nature's laws,
And beams in glory from the Gospel's light!
No longer then, heart-yearnings thus outbrave,
Which deep within doth ever heavenward leap;
With terror look not in the yawning grave,
Nor fear the doom of "unawakened sleep."

O Unbelief! what hast thy mission done?
Crush'd yearning hearts, and quenched the light of hope;
Armed death with terrors—blotted out the sun—
And doomed the soul in moral night to grope.
O, opened be the spirit's inner eye!
Back may these clouds of doubt and fear be rolled—
The light of FAITH, that beameth from on high,
May all the doubting, joyfully behold!

Hewlett Bower, Feb. 10, 1848.

Gottreich Hartmann.

In the little village of Heim, Gottriech Hartmann resided with his old father, who was a curate; and although the old man had well-nigh outlived all those whom he had loved, he was made happy by his son. Gottreich discharged his duties for him in the parish, not so much in aid of his parent's unflinching vigor, as to satisfy his own energy, and to give his father the exquisite gratification of being edified by his child and companion.

How beautiful and how pure is the position of God's ministers! All that is good dwells around them—religion, poetry, and the life of a shepherd of souls; while other professions oft serve only to choke up this goodly neighborhood. Son and father seemed to live in one another, and on the site of filial and paternal love there arose the structure of a rare and singular friendship. Gottreich not only cheered his father by the new birth of his lost poet's youth, but by the still more beautiful similarity of their faith.

Gottreich possessed a paradise, in which he labored as his father's gardener; he was at once the wife, the brother, the friend, the all that is to be loved by man, of his parent. He displayed so much power in his pulpit eloquence, that he seemed to labor more for the elevation and edification of his father, than for the enlightenment of the common people; though he held a maxim, which I take to be far from erroneous. that the highest subjects of intellectual speculation are good for the people as for children, and that *man can only learn to rise by the consideration of that which he cannot surmount.*

To these two happy men was added a happy woman also. Justa, an orphan, sole mistress of her property, had entirely left and sold the trading-house which had been her father's, in the town, and had removed into the upper part of a good peasant's cottage, to live entirely in the country. Justa did nothing in the world by halves, but she often did things more than most would deem completely, at least in all that touched her generosity. She had not long resided in the village of Heim, and had seen the meek Gottriech, and listened to some of his spring tide sermons, ere she discovered that he had won her heart, filled as it was with the love of virtue; she nevertheless refused to grant him her hand until the conclusion of the great peace,

after which they were to be married. She was ever fonder of doing what is difficult than what is easy. I wish that it was here the place to tell of the may-time life they led, which seemed to blossom in the low parsonage-house hard by the church-door under Justa's hand; how she came in the morning from her own cottage, to order matters in the little dwelling for the day; how the evenings were passed in the garden, ornamented with few but pretty flower beds, and commanding a view of many a well watered meadow and distant hill, and stars without number; how these three hearts played into one another, no one of which in this most pure and intimate intercourse, knew or felt anything which was not of the fairest; and how good and gay intention marked the passage of their lives. Every bench was a church chair, all was peaceful and holy, and the firmament above an infinite church dome.

In many a village and in many a house a true Eden may be hid, which has neither been named nor marked down; for joy is fond of covering over and concealing her tenderest flowers. Gottreich reposed in such a fulness of bliss and love, of poetry and religion, of spring time, of the past and of the future, that he feared in the bottom of his heart to speak his happiness out, save in prayer. In prayer, thought he, man may say all, his happiness and his misery. His father was very happy also; there came over him a warm old age, no winter night, but a summer evening without frost or darkness; albeit the sun of his life was sunk pretty deep below the mound of earth under which his wife was lain down to sleep.

Nothing recalls the close of life to a noble hearted young man so much as precisely the happiest and fairest hours which he passes. Gottreich, in the midst of the united fragrance and beauty of the flowers of joy, even with the morning star of life above him, could not but think on the time when the same should appear to him as the evening star, warning him of sleep. Then he said to himself: "All is now so certain and clear before me—the beauty and holiness of life, the splendor of the universe, the Creator, the dignity and greatness of man's heart, the bright images of eternal truth, the whole starry firmament of ideas, which enlightens, instructs, and upholds man! But when I am grown old, and in the obstruction of death, will not all that now rustles so bloomingly and lovingly about me appear gray and dull? Just when man is approaching that heaven which he has so long contemplated, Death holds the telescope inverted before his dim eye, and lets him see only what is empty, distant, shadowy. But is this indeed true? Shall I be more likely to be right, when I only feel and think, and hope, with half a life, incapable of a keen glance or an intense sensation—or am I right now, that my whole heart is warm, that my whole head is clear, and my strength fresh? I acknowledge that the present is the fittest season, and that poecisely because I do acknowledge it to be the fittest. I will then live through this day-time of truth attentively, and bear it away with me to the evening dusk, that it may lighten my end."

[In the midst of the genial happiness of these three souls Gottreich hears the spirit-stirring notes of the war-trumpet ("the holy war" of Germany in 1813-14,) and hastes away with the approbation of the elder Hartmann and of Justa. This episode we regard as a defect; a spot on the sun's surface—the sun shines notwithstanding. The campaign ended, and victory and peace obtained, Gotsreich returns home. It was at the coming up of a thunder storm. The tale thus proceeds.]

At last he entered quietly the parsonage house, and slowly opened the well-known door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise overhead. When he opened the door of his upper chamber, which was filled with a glow from the west, Justa was kneeling before the bed of his father, who, sitting half upright, was looking with a haggard, stiff and bony countenance toward the setting sun before him. A clasp of her lover to her breast, and one exclamation, was all his reception. But his father stretched his wizened hand slowly out, and said with difficulty, "Thou art come at the right time!" without adding whether he spoke of the preachings, or of their separation.

Justa hastily related how the old man had overworked himself, till body and spirit had given way together; so that he no longer took a share in any thing, though he longed to be with the sharers; and now he lay prostrate with broken wings, looking upwards like a needy child.

On a sudden the landscape grew dark, all the winds stood pent, the earth oppressed; then there came a gush of rain and a crash of thunder. The lightning streamed around the old man, and he looked up altered and astonished. "Hist!" said he; "I hear the rain once more;—speak quickly, children, for I shall soon depart."

Both his children clung to him, but he was too weak to embrace them.

And now, as the warm healing springs of the clouds bathed the sick earth, down from the dripping tree to the blades of grass, and as the sky glistened mildly as with a tear of joy, and the thunder went warring away beyond the distant mountains, the sick man pointed upwards, and said, "Seest thou the lordliness of God! My son, strengthen now at the last my weary, weary soul with something holy, in the spirit of love, and not of penance; for if our hearts condemn us not, then we have confidence toward God. Say something rich in love to me of God and of his works."

"Remember in the dark hour those times when thou hast prayed to God in ecstacy, and when thou hast thought on Him—the greatest thought of finite man—the Infinite One!"

Here the old man clasped his hands, and prayed low.

"Hast thou not known and felt the existence of that Being, whose infinity consists not only in his strength, in his wisdom, and his eternity, but also in his love and justice? Canst thou forget the time when the blue sky by day and the blue sky by night opened on thee, as if the mildness of God was looking down on thee? Hast thou not felt the love of the infinite, when it veiled itself in its image, in loving hearts of men; as the sun, which casts its light not on our moon alone, for our nights, but on the morning and evening star also, and on every little twinkler, even to the furthest from the earth?

"Remember, in the dark hour, how in the spring of thy life the mounds of earth which are graves appeared to thee only as the mountain-tops of another far and new world: and how in the midst of the fullness of life thou didst acknowledge the value of death."

"Speak of our Redeemer!" said the father.

"Remember Jesus Christ, in the dark hour—remember him who also passed through life—remember that soft Moon of the infinite Sun, given to enlighten the night of the world. Let life be hallowed unto thee, and death also, for he shared both of them with thee. May his calm and lofty form look down on thee in the last darkness, and show thee his Father!"

A low roll of thunder was now heard to pass over the dun clouds which the tempest had left, and the setting sun filled the entire vault of heaven with the magnificence of his fire.

"Remember in the last hour, how the heart of man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart repays a thousand hearts, and the soul during life is nourished and vivified from another soul, as the oak of a hundred years clings fast to the same spot with its roots, and derives new strength, and sends forth new buds during its hundred springs?"

"Dost thou mean me?" said the father,

"I mean my mother, also," replied the son.

Justa wept, when she heard how her lover would console himself in his last hours with the reminiscence of the days of her love; and the father said, but very gently, thinking on his wife—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Remember then, in the last hour," continued Gottreich, that pure being with whom thy life was beautiful and great,—with whom thou hast wept tears of joy, with whom thou hast prayad to God, and in whom God appeared unto thee, in whom thou didst find the first and last heart of love—and then close thine eyes in peace!

On a sudden the clouds were cleft into two huge, black mountains, and the deep sun looked forth from between them, as it were out of a valley between buttresses of rock, gazing upon the earth with its joy glistening eye.

"See!" said the dying man, "what a glare!"

"It is the evening sun, father."

"Ay, this day shall we see one another again!" continued the old man; but he spoke of his wife, who was long since dead.

The son was unable, from his emotion, to paint to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon the earth, which he had that very day enjoyed by anticipation and described upon his journey; or to say to him how it comes, that meeting again is a renewal of love in a better state; and that if the first meeting was apt to overflow into the future, reminiscence binds the flowers of the present and the fruits of the past upon one stem.

Who could have courage to speak of the joys of earthly meeting to one who seemed to be already in the contemplation of a meeting in Heaven?

Startled he asked, "Father, what ails thee?"

"I do think thereon in the dark hour; ay thereon and there upon again; and death is also beautiful, and the parting in Christ," murmured to himself the old man, as he tried to take Gottreich's hand, which he had not strength to press. It was but the usual nervous snatching of the fingers of the dying

He continued to think that his son was still speaking to him, and said more and more distinctly and emphatically, "O, thou blessed God!" until all the other luminaries of life were extinguished, and in his soul there stood nothing but the one sun—God!

At length he raised himself, and stretching out his arm forcibly, exclaimed; "There are three fair rainbows over the evening sun; I must go after the sun, and pass through with him!" He then fell back, and all was over.

At that moment the sun went down, and there glimmered at his setting a broad rainbow in the east.

"He is gone!" said Gottreich to Justa, in a voice choked with grief; "but he is gone from us unto his God, in the midst of great, pious, and unmingled joy; then weep no more, Justa!"

At that moment his own hitherto restrained tears found vent, and he pressed the dead hand against his face.

It grew dark, and a warm rain distilled gently over the earth. The children left his motionless form alone, and wept more tranquilly for that sun of their love, which, with its pure light, had withdrawn from the clouds and tempests of the world to another dawn.

Going to Bed.

Going to bed we have always considered one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady it is altogether a different sort of thing. When bed-time arrives, she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and if she has had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. If she usually wears "water curls," or uses the "iron," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and the whole mass compactly secured; if not, why then, her lovely tresses are hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task is accomplished, a night cap appears, edged it may be, with plain muslin, or may be with levy lace, which hides all save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the strings, probably she takes a peep in the glass, and half smiles and blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair delicate form gently presses the couch—and like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, falls gently into sleep with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face.

A man, of course, under the same circumstances, acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mold of his fallen nature. When all is ready he snuffs the candle out with his fingers, like a canibal, and then jumps into bed like a savage. For a few moments he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed through the day—vows to amend soon—groans—turns over—stretches himself—then all is silent—and then the heavy breathing of the slumberer. Is there not something preternaturally solemn about sleep? A something about it of dread and apprehension? The recumbent position—the closed eyes—the parted lips—the pallid countenance—the operations of the mind suspended—and the half heard breath alone indicating the existence of the vital principle?

Female Presence of Mind.

An instance of female heroism took place recently in England. A young girl named Sarah Rogers, risked her life to save an infant, who had crept out of the parlor into the garden, and found its way to the well, and slipped in. The girl missing it ran to the well immediately, and saw the infant at the bottom. She raised a loud scream, but without hesitation lowered the bucket gradually, and descended by the rope the depth of 63 feet, when she seized the child with one hand, and with the other upset the bucket, which had been filled with water; she then placed the child in it. By this time a number of neighbors had arrived, and the child and girl were pulled up.

Stern Foremost.

A tar growing sick of his business, deserted his ship, went into the country, and hired himself to a farmer. He was immediately set to ploughing with a yoke of oxen and an old mare called Jim. The sailor, being wholly unacquainted with the management of the tacks, sheets, and bowlines of his old mare and oxen, in his first attempt to put about, missed stay, and by turning the yoke, threw Jim and the oxen all down in a heap together. Jack, frightened with the confusion, bawled out for help. The farmer asked the matter. "Matter enough," replied Jack. "The larboard ox has got on the starboard side—old Jim has got foul of the rigging, and they all went down stern foremost."

A Jig in Prose.

Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary—o'er many an olden paper, reading forgotten stories o'er; suddenly I heard a curious, lonely, ghostly, strange, mysterious grating, underneath the floor! 'Tis some little mouse, I muttered, underneath the office floor—only this and nothing more. And again I trimmed the taper—and once more resumed my paper—aged, forsaken, antique paper—pouring its ancient contents o'er; when again I heard repeated this same mysterious grating, but much louder than before—and it seemed like some one sawing wood beneath the office floor; 'tis no mouse thought I, but more. As I listened, each particular hair stood upright perpendicular; cold outstanding drops orbicular soon my forehead covered o'er, while a strange, mysterious terror, filled my soul with fear and horror, such as I never felt before; much I wondered what this curious grating meant beneath the floor! Thus I sat, and eyed the door. And thus watching, gazing, pondering, trembling, doubting, fearing, wondering, suddenly the wall was sundered, as for Banquo's ghost of yore—and while gazing, much astonished, there bounded a huge rat upon the floor! Not the least obeisance made he, but a moment stopped and stared he, and nothing more. And, while gazing at each other, suddenly out sprang another—somewhat grayer than the other, from the weight of years he bore: then with imprecations dire, high I raised my boot, and higher—a step advancing nigher, whirled it straight across the floor; but the little imps had scattered, and the door was bruised and battered—that it hit and nothing more!

Better than Nothing.—Corporal Streeter, of the Boston Star, tells a story of a good old lady, very pious, who once kept a boarding house at the North end. Staunch in her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual faith, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady, prim as a puritan, answered the call.

"Servant, Ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off as soon as I load."

"Wa-l—I—don't know," said the old lady hesitatingly.

"O, house full, eh?"

"No—but—,

"But what, ma'am?"

"I don't take any onclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?"

"Why—do you believe that any body will be damned?"

"O certainly—yes."

"Do you? Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire, in eternity?"

"Don't know, madam, really; never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?"

"Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wal—hem! I guess I'll take you—fifty thousand is better than nothing."

Burying Alive.—Much has been said, from time to time, about the precautions that are necessary before consigning the dead, or seemingly dead, to the grave; but it has not had its proper influence upon the general mind. There can be no doubt, that persons are sometimes, though rarely, buried alive; bearing all the exterior appearances of death, although, in fact, only a lethargy or trance. We hear it rumored, that a female was interred in Charlestown recently, whose body was subsequently found in a state that proved her to have recovered animation, and suffered all the horrors of death by starvation in the tomb. Many such cases are related, perfectly authentic, and of such a character as to urge upon us the importance of due caution, in not too hastily interring the apparently dead. Where there is the least ground for doubt, no body should be buried until decomposition is commenced.—*Boston Star.*

Destructive Fire at Albany—Loss of Life.—The alarm of fire was given last night about half-past 12 o'clock. It proceeded from a frame building, 83 Quay-st. occupied as a grocery, by Patrick O'Tool. The flames had made considerable progress before they were discovered. They spread with such rapidity that a woman in the building where the fire originated was very badly burned before she escaped, and a lad employed by O'Tool *was burned with the building.* When discovered this morning, his legs and head were severed from his body. The woman cannot, it is feared, recover.

New Publications.

A Summer in Scotland, by Jacob Abbot: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

During the vacation of his school, of last summer, Mr. Abbot spent a few weeks among the Highlands of Scotland. An account of his rambles are gathered into a book "for the amusement of his pupils, and for such other readers as may honor his pages with a perusal." We have hastily glanced over several pages, and so far as we have read, have been much instructed and greatly pleased. It contains some graphic sketche of that romantic country. There is a particularity of descrip tion, which smacks somewhat of book-making, and which, under other circumstances, would be less tolerable. To his pupils, however, such faults are recommendations. The book is handsomely printed, and contains some pretty engravings.

A Universal History of the Most Remarkable Events of all Nations, *from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; forming a Complete History of the World.* Vol. I, No. I. Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

This is the periodical method of publishing an excellent work, a sort of manuel of Universal History. The cheapness of the work, and the fact that whoever purchases it in numbers will read each one as it is issued, is a recommendation. We recommend all the lovers of valuable reading to procur this work.

"The Blackstone Chronicle."—We have received the first number of a new paper, with the above title, beautifully printed, and full of interesting reading, edited and published by Oliver Johnson, Esq., at Blackstone, Mass. Mr. J. was formerly associated in the editorial management of the N. Y. Tribune. He is every way calculated to make an excellent paper, liberal, witty, progressive. We wish him great success.

Union Magazine.—The March number of this justly popular Magazine is received. It ably sustains it former high reputation.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Orchard Street Church.—Br. Skinner will commence next Sabbath Morning a Series of Sermons on Christianity and the Sciences.

He will preach in the afternoon on Heb. vi: 4–6, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

Explanation of the Parables.—The 15th Lecture of the course will be delivered in the Bleecker-st. Church, corner of Downing, to-morrow evening. Subject, The Parable of "The Good Samaritan."

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Hightstown, N. J., the second Sunday in March. and in Trenton in the evening.

Br. O. Whiston will preach at Nyack on Sunday, March 12th, morning and afternoon, and every fortnight thereafter. Conference Meetings have also been commenced, and will be continued every Thursday evening. Sabbath School every Sunday, at 2 o'clock P. M.

☞ We hope none of our friends in this neighborhood will forget the Dedication of the new and beautiful Church in Williamsburgh, which is to take place next Wednesday, but so arrange their affairs as to be present on that occasion. They will see what zeal and perseverance, by a small band of hearty Universalists can accomplish, to give character and permanance to a good cause. Remember Wednesday next.

MARRIED.

In this city, 1st inst., by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. James Haselton and Miss Elizabeth Myers.

In this city, in the Orchard street Church, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, March 5th, Mr. James K. Price and Miss Cornelia H. Fitch.

On the 1st inst., by Rev. James Gallager, Mr. David Fairchild and Rebecca R. Richardson, both of Newark, N. J.

DIED.

At his residence in Southport, Chemung co. N. Y., Tredwell O. Scudder, formerly of Islip, L. I., in the 48th year of his age.

The subject of this notice was the noblest work of God—emphatically an honest man. Endeared to his numerous friends, (and enemies he had none) by his many christian virtues and ennobling traits of character, it is the feelings of all hearts and the language of every tongue, but, by his death society is robbed of one of its brightest ornaments—his amiable companion is left to mourn the loss of an affectionate and confiding husband, and his children are bereaved of a fond and indulgent parent. But while our and their loss is thus deeply and universally deplored, we are consoled by the blessed assurance that the exchange of this world for the immortal state is his eternal gain.

Br. Scudder was particularly distinguished for decision of character, and unyielding integrity—acting up to his honest convictions in all cases, without fear or favor; and yet his manner and disposition were so mild and gentle, that he rarely gave offence to his most strenuous opposers—indeed these, both politically and religiously, were foune among his warmest admiring friends. His disease was consumption, and under its slowly wasting influence he suffered long and severely, yet he bore all his sufferings with unexampled fortitude, scarcely a murmur escaping him from first to last, but frequently in the midst of the deepest anguish, he would greet his friends who called to see him with a smile, extending to each the hand of affection, and talk to them with cheerfulness and animation, principally, and especially toward his end, upon the love and goodness of God. When about to depart, he called his family around him and addressed them in the most melting and pathetic strain, saying, I am going to leave you—and taking each one by the hand, bid them all a long, last farewell—entreating them not to weep for him—that he longed to go home—bidding them trust in God and be of good courage; then in a few moments fell sweetly asleep in the arms of Jesus. without a struggle or a groan, retaining his senses to the last breath. His affectionate companion, who watched over him day and night during his protracted sickness with breathless anxiety and untiring vigilance, remarked to the writer, that she never witnessed so much patient resignation, and so happy a death bed scene as in the case of her revered husband. And in the language of another, who attended him during his last moments, his death was peacefully triumphant. Well did David exclaim "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Contemplating the example before us, may we all feelingly respond in the language of another, "O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." In view of what we have said, I need not add that Br. Scudder lived and died a Universalist, and has left behind another demonstration of the truth for which we fearlessly contend, viz:—that Universalism is as good to die by as to live by. And I know of no place where such a demonstration was more needed, nor where I think the present instance could have done more good than in this community. May it long be remembered. His funeral was held on Saturday the 26th ult., and a discourse delivered by the writer, at his especial request, from 1st Timothy, iv. 10, and it is due to a large concourse of people of various denominations in attendance to say, the services were listened to with profound attention, thus manifesting their respect for the deceased, and their sympathy for his relatives in this their deep affliction. May heaven's choicest blessings attend them all, while we commend the mourners to the care of Him who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's support and shield.

W. Bullard.

Brunetti's Model of Ancient Jerusalem, which has excited considerable attention in Europe, has been brought to this city by Mr. Malone Raymond, brother-in-law of Mr. Brunetti, who is exhibiting it at the American Museum, where he or his talented lady Lecture upon it every afternoon and evening, which with that Scripture and Temperance Statuary, and other novelties, is attracting considerable attention.

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